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SONGS
BY THIRTY AMERICANS

SONGS
BY THIRTY AMERICANS
EDITED BY
RUPERT HUGHES
FOR (LOW VOICE)



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SONGS BY THIRTY AMERICANS



IT was only the other day that Tennyson's allusion to

The early pipe of half-awakened birds

would have served famously to describe the state of affairs in the uncleared forest of American music.

It was only the other day that the whole literature of American composition might have deserved that heinous slander Mark Twain so winningly sent forth against the delectable works of Miss Jane Austen, when he said that they were the only volumes the absence of which from any library argued for its completeness. Yesterday it had been no slander to say that American music had a purely algebraic value. When you subtract a minus quantity from anything, you add to it. So the absence of American composers from a musical program was, so far as it went, a proof of discriminating culture.

But that was yesterday. This is to-day.

The deliberate Portuguese say, "Patience! tomorrow is another day!" And American music has large hopes of its *Mañana*. But meanwhile, we have also a to-day that is neither without its comforts, nor empty of pride.

For one thing, the American composer is suffering from something that looks a little like prosperity. It is hardly more than a symptom, but the pleasant disease is at work: it has fastened on the body musical of America. And, in spite of a common public fallacy that genius always dies of starvation, the fact is, of course, that periods of great and lasting artistic glory have practically always been periods of distinct personal success for the artists. Witness the ages of Perikles and Augustus, the Renaissance, the Elizabethan and Victorian eras, when artists got money from patron or publisher, wore good clothes and moved in an atmosphere of elegance. To say then that the American composer is beginning to achieve money and pub-

licity, is almost tantamount to saying that he is deserving of both; for, after all, you cannot have a Golden Age without gold, and, by corollary, an age of gold has an excellent chance of being a Golden Age.

To show how much the estate of the composer has been mollified in this country, I may not be begrimed a little personal reminiscence. Less than ten years ago, I devoted to American composers a long series of magazine articles, later revised in book-form. The material for this work was chiefly found in the unpublished works of the composers. The constant wail was, "To see me at my best, you must study my manuscripts. The publishers won't look at my good works, and neither will the performers." In those days—it seems they must have been ante-bellum days—the public singer, pianist or conductor who included an American name in his program was looked at with amazement as straining after eccentricity. A critic of prominence could say with all blandness: "I never go near a concert of native works;" and echo answered, "I don't blame him."

Then the tide turned. Or, rather, it moved; it had never gone high enough to be a tide or take an ebb before. With tide-like stealth and breadth it came in. To-day the American composer does not need to be isolated like a pest to a ward of his own. His name is seen on almost every program,—mingling with the classics and the European standards in democratic good-fellowship. And no one notes any special lack of mind or heart in the native music. The American march and dance tune have swept the world as no others of the day; and the more elaborate forms of oratorio, cantata, sonata and song are by no means infrequent in London, Berlin, Munich, Paris or Florence. At home the names of a few prominent men of the better class are almost household words, and their works almost household music.

The contrast with the condition ten years ago

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is amazing; to me it is almost painful, for where at that time the composer was begging me to look at his unprintable manuscripts, now, to-day, when I am asked to compile this collection, and when I send out a gracious permission to submit manuscripts, the answer comes from almost everywhere: "I regret that all my manuscripts are printed and I am under contract for some years to such and such a publisher to give him all I can write." Yesterday I was greeted as a welcome stranger; to-day as a solicitor, a bore. It has been difficult, therefore, to compile this work, and to make it truly representative, as I think it is, of how excellently well the Yankee can write music when he sets his heart and brain upon it.

The history of American music is a short story. It could be compressed into an epigram—if one could only think of the epigram. Everything that preceded the Civil War could be lost without loss, except enough to fill a toy Noah's ark. Into this you would put a few captivating jigs like *The Arkansas Traveller*; perhaps a hymn or two of Lowell Mason's—if you like hymns; a few of Stephen C. Foster's folk-tunes that cuddle in the heart; that inexpressibly joyous *Dixie*, which the South borrowed from an Ohio minstrel whose negro-ness was only burnt-cork-deep, and which the North has since reclaimed in its war-won sanctity. You would save these tunes and a few of the more genuine and more sterling melodies of the slaves. The rest you could let go without a sigh. *Yankee Doodle* and *The Star-Spangled Banner* could be renewed from their original sources abroad. Even *Columbia the Gem of the Ocean* is either an English tune, or, if written in America, was written by an Englishman by the reminiscent name of Thomas à Becket.

It is hard to realize what parvenus American composers are. The name of Raff has a distinctly modern, a recent sound in European music. Yet this 205th opus and his 8th symphony, *Frühlingsklänge*, was written in 1878, a year before John Knowles Paine's similarly named *Spring* symphony, which was only the second symphony of the most venerable American composer,—the very first worth serious consideration. When our

Civil War broke out, Paine was only twenty-two years old and was still studying in Germany, where all our reputable composers were trained in the early days—if one may use the word "early" of so late a matter.

In 1865 Paine made a concert tour of Germany as an organist; and in 1867 he conducted at Berlin his Mass. His splendid oratorio, *St. Peter*, produced at Portland, Maine, in 1873, was the first and for some time the only real oratorio this country could boast—and this country has always done well at boasting. Paine's first, and therefore America's first, symphony was conducted by Theodore Thomas in 1876, the same year that saw the culmination of German dramatic music in the first performance of Wagner's *Ring of the Nibelungs*, at Bayreuth. Paine, too, has written a grand opera, *Azara*, to his own libretto, but its production is not yet visible to the naked eye on the horizon of the twentieth century. Nor is the production of any other American grand opera worthy of the name to be recorded in the scrolls of the past, or espied in the promises of the future.

But all this is not to say that because American music is new, it is therefore worthless. Rather has it an advantage of its newness, for it begins when music is no longer struggling to make its tools and its technic before it can chisel its thought. Of American music at its best, in all its youthful greenness, you might quote the lines in which Theokritos described the ivy-wood bowl that was offered to the singer Thyrsis for his song. The translation is Marion Miller's and the lines picture the chalice as

*Wrought so newly that still the wood hath a savor
That tangs of the tool of the graver.*

The point to be remembered, then, in praise of what American music has attained, and in excuse for what it has not yet done, is, that a line drawn through the year 1865 would include on its hither side practically every effort at composition that an American composer has ever made with proper tools and training and serious intent.

It is not the purpose of this book to indicate the genuinely good work done by native art in the fields of the symphony, the overture, the ora-

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torio, the chamber-music, or instrumental music of any sort. This book is solely an anthology of American songs, not claiming completeness, but asking acceptance as a group of lyrics by thirty men who are fairly representative of American achievement. As they are all contemporaries, and

almost all alive, and as no two persons would agree on the order of precedence,—if indeed even one person could agree with himself on so foolish a whim,—it will save trouble to arrange in chronological order the brief notices that must serve to introduce them to your consideration.

Rupert Hughes

New York, May, 1904.

BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCHES

JOHN KNOWLES PAINE (1839)



John K. Paine.

DUDLEY BUCK (1839)



Dudley Buck

went to Leipzig. There he studied composition under Hauptmann and Richter, orchestration under Rietz, and piano under Moscheles and Plaidy. Later he studied the organ with Schneider of Dresden, and after a year more at Paris, returned to Hartford as church organist and teacher. He began a series of organ concert tours lasting fifteen years; they were invaluable to the American public in educating it to the best music. In 1869 Mr. Buck settled in Chicago. In 1871, in

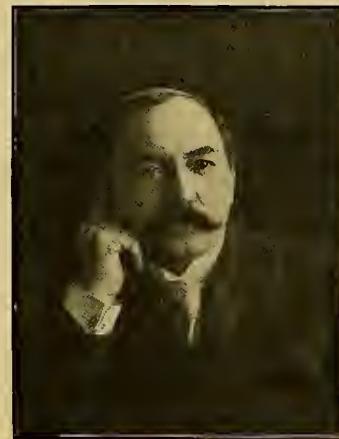
The biography of Professor Paine, born in Portland, Maine, January 9, 1839, and his musical importance have been already discussed in the introduction.

The *Matin Song*, which represents him here, is a lyric of simple fervor and distinctly singable melodic outlines.

the great fire, he lost many manuscripts, and went to Boston to live. He served for some years as assistant conductor to Theodore Thomas, and settled in Brooklyn, where he has since remained.

Though he is chiefly known as a writer of church and organ music, and has attained the foremost place among Americans in these fields, Mr. Buck has also written secular works, large and small, such as his *Centennial Meditations of Columbia*, written on a national commission for the Philadelphia Centennial in 1876, and performed by a choir of one thousand voices and an orchestra of a hundred pieces; a cantata, *The Voyage of Columbus*, which has been given in Germany; a long adaptation from *The Light of Asia*, which was given in London; *The Golden Legend*, which won the Cincinnati prize of one thousand dollars; a symphonic overture, *Marmion*; and other works in which his ambition has not overdrawn his resources. As an example of the distinctly lyric quality and the mellow harmony which characterize all his work, his song *In Thy Dreams* will serve excellently in its tender serenade spirit.

HOMER N. BARTLETT (1845)



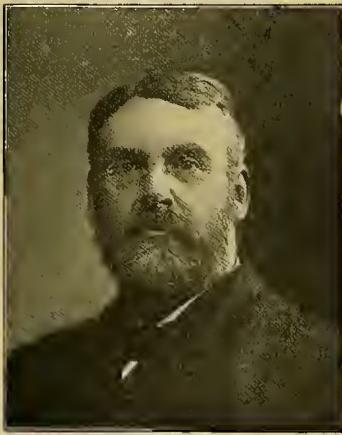
Homer N. Bartlett.

A prolific composer is Mr. Bartlett, and he has been writing for many years; but unlike the majority of composers, who began by writing popular music in this country, he has improved constantly and has kept pace with modernity. Some of his early compositions attained a tremendous vogue of a sort that Mr. Bartlett would not now desire. Many of his later works deserve the favor of the most discriminating.

He was born December 28, 1845, at Olive, New York, of old New England stock. He sang

correctly before he could speak, at eight was a public violinist, and at fourteen a church organist. His teachers in piano were Mills, Guyon and Pease; in organ composition Jacobson and Braun. He never studied abroad, though some of his teachers were of foreign birth. He has spent most of his life in New York as organist and teacher. For the orchestra he has written an instrumentation of a Chopin Polonaise, and a violin Concertstück. He has partially completed an oratorio, an opera and a cantata. His song *Look not Upon Me with Thine Eyes* shows him in his more serious vein.

ADOLPH M. FOERSTER (1854)



Adolph M. Foerster

Robert Franz, like Wagner, Browning and many another, confessed with regret that his work was first truly appreciated in America. One of the earliest admirers and disciples of Franz was Mr. Foerster, who for eighteen years carried on an extensive correspondence with him. Mr. Foerster

ter shows in his songs the Franzian preference for the text of the poem to the catchiness of melody. He has written numerously for the orchestra, and some chamber-music, notably two quartets for violin, viola, 'cello and piano.

While his descent is German, and his education also, he was born at Pittsburg, Pennsylvania, February 2, 1854, and has always lived there, excepting three years spent in Leipzig as a student, and a year in Indiana as a teacher. His teachers were Coccius and Wenzel for the piano; Grill and Schimon for singing; for theory E. F. Richter and Papperitz. Aside from a number of piano compositions, including two excellent concert études, the second of which, *Lamentation*, is remarkably full of emotion, Mr. Foerster is chiefly known as a song-writer. His subjects range widely. He has

stepped aside from the beaten track in choosing for his lyrics many poems by such older masters as Byron, who is much neglected by song-writers of to-day; and by setting a number of songs which are devoid of what might be called "human interest," in a narrower sense, and are devoted to the moods of nature. Mr. MacDowell has also written such songs. An excellent example of Mr. Foerster's broad manner is his lyric episode *Tristran and Iseult*, a setting of words selected from Matthew Arnold's poem of that title.

WILSON G. SMITH (1855)



Wilson G. Smith

A prominent member of the busy colony of musicians at Cleveland, Ohio, is Mr. Smith, who was also born in Ohio, at Elyria, August 19, 1855. He studied at Cincinnati under Otto Singer, then went to Berlin for two years and studied with Kullak, Kiel, Scharwenka, Moszkowski and Oscar Raif. Since 1882 he has lived in Cleveland as teacher, writer, critic and composer. His piano compositions include many very graceful numbers, and several books of technical studies which have taken a high place. In his songs he seeks a simplicity which is often very deep, and full of the highest art. The song represented herewith, *Kiss me, Sweetheart*, is light, but full of lilting ardor.

JAMES H. ROGERS (1857)

A song-writer who in spite of popular success has preferred to write little and polish much is a phenomenon unusual enough to be welcome. Such a man is James H. Rogers, who was born at Fair Haven, Connecticut, February 7, 1857. He began studying the piano at the age of twelve, and at eighteen went to Berlin as a pupil of Loeschhorn, Roeder, Haupt and Erlich, for two years. There-

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after he studied two years in Paris with Guilmant, Fissot and Widor. He then settled in Cleveland, Ohio, and has since lived there as teacher, organist, concert pianist and publisher. He is an important contribution to the Cleveland colony of musicians, a busy little colony, which includes such composers as Johann H. Beck, Wilson G. Smith and Miss Patty Stair.



James A. Rogers

Mr. Rogers' lyrics are of many sorts, and remind one of the lyrics of Thomas Bailey Aldrich for their perfect art that does not hamper but enforces the sincerity, and for their passionate compression. His song *April Weather* is an instance of his loyalty to the text in its mad rush of spring-time joy.

HENRY BICKFORD PASMORE (1857)



H. B. Pasmore
Upon his return to this country he settled on the Pacific coast, and is known as one of the foremost teachers of voice and composition in that section of the country. Though a busy man, he has found time to write many songs and part-songs, besides works for orchestra, a mass and the score of an opera. His *Northern Romance*, included in this collection, is a

striking setting of Andrew Lang's sombre poem, with whose mood the music shows great sympathy, and whose color it dramatically emphasizes.

CLAYTON JOHNS (1857)



Clayton Johns.

One of the most prolific and successful of American song-writers is Clayton Johns. His fertility is largely due, no doubt, to singleness of purpose, for, with the exception of a Berceuse and a Scherzino for the violin, which have been played by the Boston Symphony Orchestra, a chorus for women's voices with string orchestra, a few part-songs and a little music for violin or piano, Mr. Johns has devoted himself strictly to lyric expression.

He was born at New Castle, Delaware, November 24, 1857, of American parents. He first took up architecture as a profession, but gave it up for music. His American teachers were the brilliant critic, William F. Apthorp, John K. Paine, and the eminent native pianist, William H. Sherwood. Mr. Johns then went abroad, and at Berlin studied under Kiel, Grabau, Reif and Franz Rummel. Upon his return to America he took up his residence in Boston, and is a prominent factor in the musical life of that city. His song *If Love were not* is typical of his fluent melody and unstrained effects.

HARRY ROWE SHELLEY (1858)

Mr. Shelley has the distinction of having composed one or two of the most popular songs ever written in this country, and at the same time of succeeding in more serious and larger forms, such as his notable symphony, his very successful oratorio *The Inheritance Divine*, two manuscript operas, a symphonic poem, a dramatic overture, a

suite, and much music for the piano and organ.

He was born at New Haven, Connecticut, June



Harry Rom Shelley

he became a pupil of Antonin Dvořák, when the Bohemian composer was in this country. It was under the impetus of his personality that Mr. Shelley took up some of his more ambitious compositions. In his song *The Ride*, written especially for this volume, his avowed object was to get away from the tendency to write a lovelorn wail; to write instead a lyric full of dash and rhythm and good cheer. He has succeeded obviously.

REGINALD DE KOVEN (1859)



Reginald de Koven.

by Mr. de Koven have thrown their weight into the cause of refinement, elaborate ensemble and real lyric development.

Mr. de Koven was born at Middletown, Con-

nnecticut, April 3, 1859, and spent the years between eleven and twenty-four in Europe, where he studied music under many masters, including Speidel, Lebert and Pruckner at Stuttgart; Huff in Leipzig, and Genée and Von Suppé at Vienna. He also studied singing at Florence under Vannucini. He therefore entered the field well equipped to accomplish something in American comic opera. But success does not come from teachers alone, and so Mr. de Koven is the victim of much railing on the charge of reminiscence. This is chiefly due to two facts: the first, that it is impossible to write much popular and whistable music without using the common expressions; and in the second place, because Mr. de Koven has stood in the fierce white light of popularity in which many of his bitterest rivals have failed to arrive, and in which others would have looked perhaps even less original. From hearing and seeing many unproduced American operas, I may the better be able to whisper this scandal: not the only reminiscent operas are those that achieve publicity and success.

Mr. de Koven's work in opera left him little inclination to compose songs, but he has written a few, especially excellent examples of the ballad type, to which he is chiefly inclined. His *Cradle Song* is interesting in its appropriate simplicity, and has an accompaniment of much grace.

RICHARD HENRY WARREN (1859)



R. H. Warren

Musical dynasties are not common in America, and it is rare that the son succeeds to his father's music. But Mr. Warren, himself a distinguished organist, is a son and pupil of the distinguished organist, George William Warren. He was born in Albany, New York, September 17, 1859, and at the age of twenty-one went to Europe for study and obser-

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vation, making a second trip abroad in 1886. From 1880 to 1886, he was organist of All Souls Church in New York, and since that time he has been the organist of St. Bartholomew's Church. He was the organizer and conductor of the Church Choral Society, which has made itself noteworthy for producing works never before heard in America. It was for this society that Horatio W. Parker composed his important *Hora Novissima*. Mr. Warren has written much church music, including two complete services. He has also written operettas, a string quartet, and has a distinct knack of instrumentation. He has written very few songs,—which becomes matter for regret when one observes the fascinating simplicity and charm of his *When the Birds go North Again*.

GERRIT SMITH (1859)

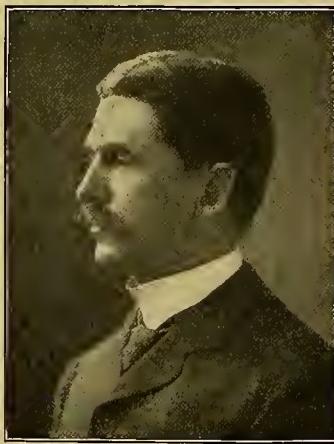


One of the best composers in the smaller forms of short songs and short piano pieces is Gerrit Smith, who was born at Hagerstown, Maryland, December 11, 1859. He was graduated at Hobart College in 1876, and went thence to Stuttgart to study music in both its liquid and its frozen form—that is architecture.

He came back in a year and studied the organ with Samuel P. Warren, and the piano with Eugene Fair and William Sherwood. After a few years as organist in Buffalo, he went again to Germany and studied the organ with Haupt, and theory with Rohde. Later he placed himself under Merkel and Ritter, and has spent a month with Grieg at the latter's home in Norway. He then became the organist at St. Peter's in Albany, and eventually in New York at the South Church, which is famous for its musical services. He has won much success as a concert organist, having

toured both America and Europe, and has given upward of three hundred free organ recitals at the South Church. He was among the earliest to take up the cause of the American composers, and was one of the founders, and for some years the president, of the Manuscript Society. His compositions, while they include a sacred cantata, *King David*, for voices and orchestra, and many anthems and other church music, are chiefly, to repeat, confined to short songs and short piano pieces. Typically graceful with typical touches of originality is his song *Dreaming*.

WILLIAM ARMS FISHER (1861)



Wm. Arms Fisher

Mr. Fisher was born in San Francisco, California, April 27, 1861, of New England parentage, and studied harmony, organ and piano with John P. Morgan. After a varied business experience, he decided at the age of twenty-nine to take up music professionally, and went to New

York, where he studied singing with several teachers, and later with William Shakespeare in London. On returning to New York he became a pupil of Horatio W. Parker in counterpoint and fugue, and of Dvořák in composition and instrumentation. He was instructor in harmony at the National Conservatory for several years, until, in 1895, he went to Boston, where he now lives.

That the song impulse has always been the dominant one in Mr. Fisher's creative work is shown by the fact that more than fifty of his published compositions are in the lyric form. In his very first opus was a striking setting of *Nur wer die Sehnsucht kennt*, since which he has given voice to many and widely varied moods. One has but to mention the lovable group of children's songs, *Posies from a Child's Garden of Verses*, the poetical setting of Shelley's *World's Wanderers*, the

rollicking measures of *Falstaff's Song*, the folksong naïveté of *O for a Breath of the Moorlands*, or the passionate tenderness of *Softly in a Dream*, to show the range of his emotional expression. Mr. Fisher's songs are uniformly well thought from the singer's standpoint, and he has known how to secure his dramatic and lyric effects without violating the canons of good vocal art. He has always contended that a musical composition in order to be ranked as a successful art-product must be adapted to the instrument chosen for its expression—that great ideas must lose part of their greatness if incapable of effective rendition. A song which is representative of his melodic and artistic skill is *When Allah Spoke*, a setting of verses by Arlo Bates, broadly conceived and of wide emotional range.

HENRY HOLDEN HUSS (1862)



Henry Holden Huss

studied counterpoint under Rheinberger, winning public mention for efficiency. In 1886, when he was again in America, the Boston Symphony Orchestra produced his *Rhapsody in C Major* for piano and orchestra, the composer playing the piano part, as he has on many similar occasions in the case of this and others of his compositions, notably his very successful piano concerto. Other important compositions of his have been an *Ave Maria* for women's voices, string orchestra, harp and organ; a Polonaise for violin and orchestra, which was brought out in 1889 at the Paris Exposition by Van der Stucken, on the occasion of

Few American composers have a more substantial reputation than Mr. Huss, who combines unusual erudition with dramatic force. He was born in Newark, New Jersey, June 21, 1862. His first teacher was O. B. Boise; in 1883, he went to Munich for three years and studied

his concerts of American works; a Violin Concerto, a prelude for orchestra, *To the Night*, and various vocal works with orchestral accompaniment. Among the most notable of these, both for originality and power, are two settings of Shakespeare's texts, *The Death of Cleopatra* and the *Seven Ages of Man*.

The song *My World*, which is presented in this volume, is not built on such elaborate lines as many of his compositions, but it shows his learning in harmony, and the dignity and deep emotion of his musical individuality.

ETHELBERT NEVIN (1862-1901)



Ethelbert Nevin

Few composers of genuine culture have been content to confine themselves to one form of composition. Men like Chopin, who devote all life to the piano, or like Franz, who expressed himself altogether in songs, are rare. But versatility no more implies importance than quantity implies quality.

To both the critical and the lay mind, composers are apt to seem powerful, like Egyptian kings, in direct ratio with the size of the pyramids they may heap together for their monuments. On this account, the work of Ethelbert Nevin is more often judged by its bulk than by its specific gravity. With the exception of a small number of piano lyrics, which reached a considerable popularity and deserved in some cases even more than they received, and with the exception of a pantomime or two and a few song-cycles, his life was entirely given up to the composition of songs. These did not sweep the country as thoroughly as many examples of triumphant music-hall trash, and yet they acquired a popularity enjoyed perhaps by no other American composer, except Stephen C. Foster, who at his best trembled on the razor-

edge between the perfect simplicity of folk-song and the maudlin banality of street-song.

Nevin, who was born in Edgeworth, Pennsylvania, November 25, 1862, and died in New Haven, Connecticut, February 17, 1901, may be safely said to be the first American composer who forced his way into the program of song-recitals of the better class; here his songs played a prominent part, both at home and abroad. The encore song was the entering wedge, and it was he who drove it home; latterly the American song has become almost an indispensable feature of any American recital.

The popularity of Nevin's songs and the spontaneity of their lyric flight often deceive the critic as to their dignity. But Nevin was a true songster; he had the lyric fire of a Schubert, whom the public never found hard to understand, once he was presented to them, and whom the student respects for his wonderful compromise between lyric feeling and emotional depth. So Schubert was a revolutionary in the world of song without ever demanding any special training or analysis from his audience. Like Schubert, Nevin has been a distinct influence for the betterment of his native song. He did not form a school, any more than Schubert did, and I cannot pretend that he has the world-wide importance of Schubert, especially as he never ventured into the orchestral field. But we of to-day say of a certain manner that "it suggests Nevin;" and this manner will almost always be found to consist of two qualities: a lyric thrill, more passionate than is characteristic of Anglo-Saxon expression; and an accompaniment which goes its own way, with a passion of its own, a contra-melody of its own, and a marked richness of harmony.

In his children's songs, Nevin has been true to the spirit of childhood, without sacrificing his art. A good proof is found of this in his *Bed-time Song*, included in this volume. Its present form is a revision made shortly before the composer's death; it was originally dedicated to the woman who later became his wife, and to whose artistic support and sympathy he always paid glowing tribute. She has since established a music schol-

arship in his name for poor children. The song is a fair type of Nevin at his best, with its graceful and gracious and very singable air, the accompaniment full of luscious harmony and subtle modulations into unexpected keys, and the wistful appeal that both comes from and goes to the heart.

FREDERIC FIELD BULLARD (1864-1904)



Frederic F. Bullard

A field of song which has been chiefly tilled by the cheaper sort of composer, and that without good reason, is what one might call the ballad of bravery. Similarly, the military march, which is supposed to appeal to the noblest and most self-sacrificing emotions, has been chiefly given

over to composers who are not only unimportant, but impossible. Perhaps the chief reason why the songs of bravery have been neglected by the more thoughtful composers is, that their psychology is not involved, and their chief virtue is frankness, bordering on bluster. But just this distinction between bravery and bravado is a hard one to keep, and worthy of any composer's attention.

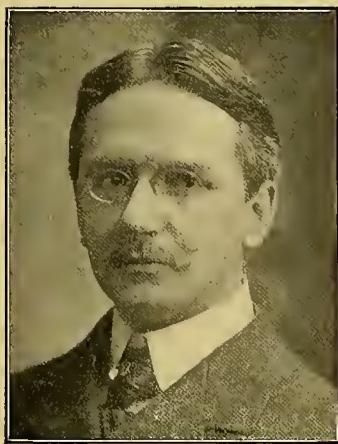
In America, almost the only cultivated musician who gave special attention to this style was Mr. Bullard. He avoided bluster and achieved vigor with pronounced success. He wrote songs not only of soldiers, but also of the roystering brawl of tavern-friends, the breeze and blarney of Irishmen, and the bluff contentment of old salts. In fact, Mr. Bullard's music is distinctly masculine.

This predilection for the non-erotic emotions did not prevent his writing various love songs, ranging from cheerful duets in canon-form to ballads of almost melodramatic force. His graceful lyric *Beam from Yonder Star* is a type of his style in the serenade, and is preferred in a collection such as this to some of his songs more exclu-

sively for bass or baritone singers.

Mr. Bullard was born in Boston, September 21, 1864, and was at first a chemist; but he preferred to devote himself to the qualitative analyses of harmonies of compositions and the molecular energies of melody. At the age of twenty-four, that is, in 1888, he went to Munich as a pupil of Rheinberger. He remained there four years, and after a short sojourn in London and Paris returned to Boston, where he occupied himself with teaching and composing, until his untimely death, June 24, 1904, cut short a career which promised richly a still further achievement.

W. J. BALTZELL (1864)



W. J. Baltzell.

some years, and did not take up music professionally until 1888, when he studied in Boston with Stephen A. Emery (theory) and A. W. Thayer (singing). Later he studied theory in London with Sir J. Frederick Bridge, and singing with W. F. Parker. He also sang in church and trained the boy soloists. In 1891 he returned to America and taught at Reading, Pennsylvania, studying at the same time with Dr. H. A. Clarke at the University of Pennsylvania, for which he received the degree of Mus. Bac. In 1897 he went to Philadelphia and took up editorial work, which was interrupted by a year of teaching the history and theory of music at the Ohio Wesleyan University, Delaware, Ohio.

His compositions have been mainly songs, of which a good example is the rushing emotion of *Thou art Mine*.

HARVEY WORTHINGTON LOOMIS (1865)

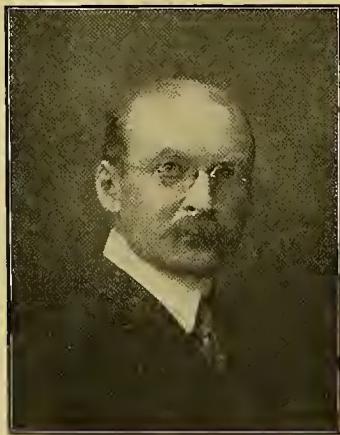


Greater New York can add to its contributions to American music Harvey Worthington Loomis, who was born in Brooklyn, February 5, 1865, and has had both his entire musical training and his musical life in New York proper. He is one of the pupils whom Dvořák trained during his sojourn in America. The Bohemian master cannot be credited with giving Mr. Loomis his remarkably distinct and determined musical personality, but he deserves at least the credit for encouraging him to continue along his own lines. Loomis has been left practically alone in America in his special devotion to what may be called pantomimic music in the higher sense of the word. He has not only succeeded in humorous musical expression, but in dramatic and emotional presentation no less, and a number of his pantomimes have been acted with artistic success. On somewhat similar lines are the recitatives, which he calls "musical backgrounds," the music being intended to illuminate and enoble the recitation of some poem. These musical backgrounds, as his *Sandalphon*, his *Story of the Peartree*, *Story of the Faithful Son* and *The Coming of the Prince*, are in a sense dramatic recitatives of the highest order. The words are to be spoken, not sung indeed, but they are made wonderfully effective by the profound intelligence and the daring imagination with which the piano or the other instrumental parts are written. I know of no other living composer more intensely original with perfect sincerity to the situation, or

SONGS BY THIRTY AMERICANS

more fearless in the invention of harmonic novelties which may be compelled by the unhampered progression of the different parts. He seems not to fear any rigor of dissonance, provided it is logically arrived at and not untrue to the spirit of the moment. For this reason many of his piano pieces and accompaniments are difficult to comprehend at the first hearing. But as was the case with Schumann, what looks sometimes to be a small affectation or studied eccentricity, turns out to be the inevitable result of musical candor and directness. This is true of two sorts of compositions in which he excels, laughter-provoking humor and the bitterest tragedy. Loomis has written a great number of songs, and *In the Foggy Dew*, which represents him in this volume, is very characteristic in its rich harmonic scheme, melodic flow and distinct atmosphere.

NATHANIEL IRVING HYATT (1865)



N. Irving Hyatt.

York, with C. A. White and Dr. Jefferey before he went abroad. He was at Leipzig from 1887 to 1892, and his teachers in theory were Schreck and Reinecke, and in piano, Bruno Zwintscher. Returning to America, he taught three years at Troy; then four years at Syracuse University as professor of piano and theory; since which time he has been the head teacher at St. Agnes' School, Albany.

His compositions include a Symphony in A Minor, an overture, *Enoch Arden*, and a string quartet; a suite for two pianos, and various cho-

ruses; also various songs, one of the best of which is *The Spring of Love*.

HOMER A. NORRIS (1865)



Homer Norris.

The French critic Lalo has recently created a great stir by advancing the claim of France to high consideration in Europe as a serious musical entity; he complains that German books ignore French composers, except in the field of light opera, and insists that there are no German sym-

phonists equal to certain of the French. However this may be, it is certain that American music has been too completely under German control, and there is a very welcome relief through the influence of Edward MacDowell, who had some French training, and of Ethelbert Nevin, who lived for some time in Paris and showed much Gallic spirit, and of Norris, who has had all his training in France, and has been an active crusader for the claims of French authority in the theory of music.

Mr. Norris was born in Wayne, Maine, October 4, 1865. He was graduated from the New England Conservatory, and then studied for four years in Paris at the Conservatoire under Théodor Dubois, Guilmant, Gigout and Godard. Returning then to Boston, he occupied himself with teaching and various writings, including two books of harmony and counterpoint on a French basis. He has also composed a concert overture, *Zorroaster*, a cantata, *Nain*, and a number of songs, in almost all of which some distinct and worthy harmonic idea is set forth with unusual sympathy and directness. His song *Dearie* is of the Scotch school, full of candid pathos; underneath its simplicity it shows much musical learning. The ending is full of surprise and yet is enriched with an elegiac regret.

N. CLIFFORD PAGE (1866)



So much of American blood is foreign that it is only natural for an American composer to put the expression of his emotions in various national dialects. Mr. Page was born in San Francisco, California, October 26, 1866, and for many years lived

N. Clifford Page. there. His tuition is principally due to one of our most notable composers, Edgar Stillman Kelley, whose influence he shows in many ways, especially in the writing of Chinese music, to which indeed there is much temptation in view of the great number of Chinese in San Francisco. Mr. Page has also shown great interest in Oriental music, as the song *Regrets of Bökhära* gives charming proof. He had composed operas at the age of twelve, and claims to have used in later years to advantage some of the ideas that were imbedded in these childish beginnings. At the age of sixteen he began to study music as a career. He became quickly adept in orchestration, and his first opera, composed and orchestrated before he was twenty-one, was produced at San Francisco. Certain of the scenes were laid in Morocco, and the Oriental color is noteworthy. Mr. Page became a conductor at an early age and has done some of his best work in writing incidental music. It was he who wrote the vivid accompaniment to the Chinese dramas, *The Cat and the Cherub* and *Moonlight Blossom*. He has also done other excellent orchestral work, such as a *Caprice*, in which one eight-measure theme is developed through five elaborate movements.

HENRY F. GILBERT (1868)

Of experimenters in novel harmonic effects, we have not many who go so far or reach so striking results as Mr. Gilbert. He was born in Somerville, Massachusetts, September 26, 1868, where

he still lives. His first studies were on the violin under Emil Mollenhauer; his teacher in harmony was George H. Howard, and later, for three years, E.A. MacDowell. He has been interested in Slavic music, and has assisted Professor J. D. Whitney of Harvard University in giving concerts in its illustration.



Henry F. Gilbert.

After six years spent in business without any musical activity, Mr. Gilbert went abroad and heard Charpentier's opera *Louise* in Paris. He was thereby moved to give himself entirely to musical composition. He has written some works for orchestra, and a few songs with orchestral accompaniment; also a piano sonata and various lyrics. His *Croon of the Dew*, reproduced herewith, is an extraordinarily unconventional song, both in subject and in treatment. In view of the thousands of compositions that are poured forth without a new progression or a new combination to their backs, originality of effort is always to be welcomed. When it is evinced with so much emotion and artistic feeling as this composition of Mr. Gilbert's, its reception should be still more cordial.

VICTOR HARRIS (1869)

Another contribution made by New York to the successful musicians of America is Victor Harris, who was born in the metropolis, April 27, 1869, and has won a large fame as the most artistic and successful of accompanists. He is also kept busy as a teacher and coach for operatic singers. In his early years Mr. Harris was well known as a boy soprano. At the age of twenty-six he was assistant-conductor to Anton Seidl. His teacher of harmony was Frederick Schilling.

As would be expected, Mr. Harris, who is so excellent an interpreter of other men's songs, is also

SONGS BY THIRTY AMERICANS

*Victor Harris*

Scottish color.

skilful in construction of songs of his own. He has not been especially prolific in them, but those he has written show very graceful melodic contours and are warmly harmonized. A typical song is his *Hills o' Skye*, with its expression of tender melancholy and admirable touches of

the American Symphony Orchestra. Other orchestral works have met success, and Mr. Hadley has been recently tempted into the field of comic opera.

He was born at Somerville, Massachusetts, December 20, 1871, and was the son of a teacher of music, who furthered his musical education. His teachers in America were Emery, Chadwick, Heindl and Allen, all of Boston. Before he was twenty-one he had written a dramatic overture and other ambitious works. In 1894 he went to Vienna as the pupil of Mandyczewsky, returning to America in 1896. Along with its splendid vigor, Mr. Hadley's music is characterized by a decided harmonic bravery. His music is not self-conscious, and not afraid of itself or the consequences of emotion. In the fervid expression Mrs. Browning gave to her love in the Sonnets which she by a subterfuge of modesty called *Portuguese*, Mr. Hadley has found the inspiration for a very powerful lyric, *How do I Love Thee?* In the sweep of the emotion he has disguised the difficulties of the verse-form, which are somewhat incommensurate with the usual type of lyric, but which here give all the splendor of the words and the sentiments their full value and share in the song.

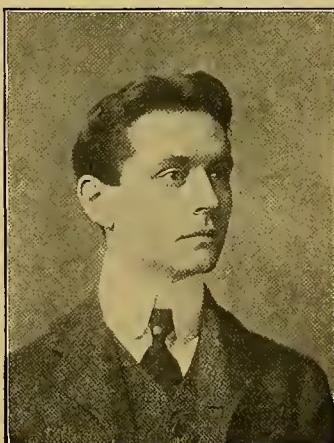
HENRY K. HADLEY (1871)

*Henry K. Hadley*

The most welcome qualities that youth can give to art are intense enthusiasm both in joy and grief. There is, however, in the average young creator a fear of his own muscles and his own zeal. In consequence it often happens that one becomes old before he realizes the true charm of youthful exuberance; and we are the victims of this paradox, that most of the young men of talent are trying to write venerably, and most of the old men are aping the manners of the young. When, therefore, we meet a young man who dares to feel and be young, he is thrice welcome. For this reason the music of Mr. Hadley is thrice welcome.

He has written a splendid symphony called *Youth and Life*, and, deserving its title, its sorrow is the wild melancholy of youth, and its joy is the frantic joy of hot blood. Anton Seidl produced this symphony in 1897. Three years later Mr. Hadley brought out a second symphony called *The Seasons*, and a ballet suite was produced by

CHARLES FONTEYN MANNEY (1872)

*Charles Fonteyn Manney*

To adapt the music to the spirit of the words is an ideal which has constantly to be renewed in the world of music, always as a re-discovery. To say that the music should fully express the words is only to say what Peri said in Italy in 1600, and Harry Lawes said in England a few years later, winning thereby Milton's praise; and Gluck said in the next century; and Wagner, Schumann and Franz in the next after that. It is a good thing

for composers to keep saying, and it is all the better if they look upon the ancient ideal as their own original discovery, for then they will be the more sincere. An especially good example of musical fidelity to its text is Mr. Manney's *Orpheus with his Lute*. In this poem of Shakespeare's, one of the most charming effects is the very appearance of awkwardness. Just observe the amount of apparent unskilfulness packed into these three lines:

*Orpheus with his lute made trees
And the mountain-tops that freeze
Bow themselves when he did sing.*

Yet as the song moves on you see that this very effect was intentional, and it is charming. So Mr. Manney in his setting of the poem has begun with the same quaint gaucheries, and develops the same warmth of treatment and charm.

Mr. Manney was born in Brooklyn, New York, February 8, 1872, and as a boy was for several years solo soprano in a vested choir. He began the study of musical theory with William Arms Fisher, and later, after his removal to Boston, he continued his studies with J. Wallace Goodrich and Dr. Percy Goetschius. Besides a number of songs and piano pieces he has published two successful cantatas, as well as a quantity of choral music.

ARTHUR FARWELL (1872)



Arthur Farwell

casual compositions by his fellow-countrymen, in a distinctly artistic manner. This is Arthur Far-

well, of the Wa-Wan Press, at Newton Centre, Massachusetts. Born in St. Paul, Minnesota, April 23, 1872, he has made a special study of Indian melodies, and has harmonized many of them and written developments of them. But his own songs do not show any rash effort to express his emotions barbarically; for, after all, we Americans have no more right to ape the musical mannerisms of the strange people whom our forefathers found it so hard to get along with, except at the end of a gun or through the music of wampum, than we have to enslave and call our own the melodies and scales of those unfortunate foreigners whom we imported to this country very much against their will in the steerage of slave-ships. Both the Indian and the so-called Ethiopian schools of music show splendid material for composition, but the European has as much right to these as the American.

Mr. Farwell studied first with Homer A. Norris of Boston, and later in Germany with Humperdinck. This latter teacher seems not to have influenced Mr. Farwell to the same school in which he has himself attained such distinction, for Mr. Farwell's songs are likely to be of a very serious nature and intensely matured sentiment. His song *Wenlock Town* is a remarkably poignant expression of homesickness, and his *Strow Poppy-buds* is notably original. He has set to music four songs by Johanna Ambrosius, that Sappho whose bitterly humble existence did not prevent her poetry from being thrilled with strangely rich refinement of expression and of thought. One of these, *Drücke mich an deine Brust*, or *Meeting*, is reproduced in this volume in its very free but strong translation by Mr. Farwell. The melodic suspensions and anticipations show a certain Wagnerian influence, but they are not imitative and they express the words. The harmonic structure is most unhackneyed, and I find the climax of the song peculiarly haunting.

RUBIN GOLDMARK (1872)

"There are two Goldmarks," exclaimed Dvořák, when the twenty-year-old nephew of the famous Carl Goldmark produced a trio at the Conserva-

SONGS BY THIRTY AMERICANS

tory Concert in New York. The nephew of the eminent German composer was born in New York



City, August 15, 1872, and had his first musical training there, going at the age of seventeen to Vienna, where he studied piano with Livonius and Door, and composition with Fuchs. Two years later Mr. Goldmark returned to New York, and became the pupil of Joseffy and Dvořák for a year. In 1892 his health took him to Colorado Springs, where he established a conservatory, and acted as director and lecturer. After spending some years there, he returned to New York, where he now lives.

In 1895 an orchestral theme with variations was produced in New York by Anton Seidl; it had been written by Mr. Goldmark at the age of nineteen. Mr. Goldmark's music is noteworthy for its harmonic originality and experiment; his cantata for orchestra and chorus, *The Pilgrimage to Kevlaar*, being an example of his learning. A piano and violin sonata is another excellent composition. His *Hiawatha Overture* was performed by the Boston Symphony Orchestra, and Mr. Huneker called it "bewilderingly luscious."

In his songs, Mr. Goldmark shows the same vitality and wealth of resource. *The Passionate Shepherd to his Love* is an excellent example of his lyric style.

H. CLOUGH-LEIGHTER (1874)

One of the youngest of American composers, and one of the most artistic in the composition of songs, Mr. H. Clough-Leighter is also to be noted as an exception to the rule that all good American composers go to Germany soon after they are born.

He was born in Washington, District of Co-

lumbia, May 13, 1874, and as a child began his musical studies early under the care of his mother, who taught him harmony as well as piano from the age of five. At nine he was a boy soprano, as was Ethelbert Nevin. His first teacher outside of his home was Dr. E. S. Kimball, under whom he studied theory of music. When his soprano voice left him, he studied composition

with Henry Xander. He also spent three years at organ playing and organ construction. At the age of thirteen he entered Columbian University, obtaining a scholarship; but he did not continue his college course. At fifteen he was a professional organist. He also passed the examination in music at Trinity University, Toronto, Canada, under Dr. J. Humphrey Anger. It is small wonder that such close application from so early an age should have broken down his health. At the end of a year of rest, he resumed work.

The thoroughness of his study accounts for the remarkable harmonic richness and freedom of his songs, and his early training as a singer started him on the path of real lyricism. He has well stated his ideal, which has been indeed the ideal of all true song-composers from old Harry Lawes down, though not all of them have so well expressed or so well practised their ideal.

"The objective point with me is to search out and create the most perfect union between the poet's lyrical thoughts and the composer's most sympathetic response to them in his music; the melody of the one being so closely woven and interlaced with the melody of the other, that when once wedded they become inseparable and interdependent. In other words, the memory of one is ever haunted by the memory of the other."

His song *I Drink the Fragrance of the Rose* is



H. Clough-Leighter

typical of both aspects of his art, the harmonic and the lyric. Swiftly as it rushes on its way, it is yet clothed in all the silks and velvets of rich color.

JOHN PATTON MARSHALL (1877)



John P. Marshall

A pupil of three of America's best composers,— MacDowell, Chadwick, and Homer Norris,— Mr. Marshall has provided his art with a solid foundation. He was born at Rockport, Massachusetts, January 9, 1877, and came to Boston at sixteen to study the piano and composition with B. J. Lang, later studying also with the composers previously mentioned. He was appointed professor of music at Boston University in 1903, and is also organist and choir-master at St. John's Episcopal Church in Boston. He has been an enthusiastic student of plain-song, though his compositions are of modern feeling. His publications are of limited number, and include a graceful concert waltz in B flat, and a *Book of Four Songs*, two of them in the old English manner. But of all his songs, his *O Mighty One* is in harmony the richest, and in sentiment the most vital.

DAVID STANLEY SMITH (1877)



David S. Smith

In his native city, Toledo, Ohio, where he was born, July 6, 1877, Mr. Smith had lived in a musical atmosphere, his father being an amateur organist, having a pipe organ in the home. He studied at Toledo with S. W. Cushing, A. W. Korthuer and Mrs. H. B. Jones. During his course at Yale

Mr. Smith studied zealously under Horatio Parker, acted as music director and organist at the Centre Church, New Haven, and produced various compositions at other places. On his graduation day, 1900, his *Commencement Ode* was performed under the baton of Horatio Parker, with a full orchestra, bass solo and chorus of fifty; this being the only time an undergraduate has been granted such an honor. During the same festivities, his *Commencement March* was given by a full orchestra under his own direction. From Yale he went abroad for two years to study under Thuille in Munich, and Widor in Paris. While still abroad he was elected instructor in theory at Yale.

His compositions include various anthems and a number of songs, of which his *Rose Song* has achieved a success its exquisite harmony and sentiment have well earned.

**SONGS
BY THIRTY AMERICANS**



MATIN SONG

(Original Key, Ab)

BAYARD TAYLOR (1825-1878)

JOHN KNOWLES PAIN, Op. 29, N^o 1

Larghetto

VOICE

I let the dear - est dream de - part That

PIANO

night to love re - vealed, Some ea-ger spir-it in my heart— My

sleep - ing eyes un-sealed. Yet still 'twas love that led me here and

bids my feet de - lay. A - rise, and light the

dim. dawn, my heart! Look! *rit.* forth, look forth and bring the day.

As out of dark - ness yon - der

star Of whit - est ray is born, As birds and blos-soms feel a -

far — The com - ing of the morn, So thou hast dawn'd, and

now art near, To bright - en and to stay: My

be - ing dies in thine, my dear. As day - break dies in

day.

a tempo

sf

rit. poco

pp

IN THY DREAMS

Words from the German
by J. S. DWIGHT

(Original Key, B_b)

DUDLEY BUCK, Op. 67, No. 2

Moderato

PIANO

*) Original accompaniment for 2 violins, 2 violas, and 'cello

"Dear - est! dear - est! 'tis I, _____ 'tis
Led. * *Led.*

I _____ O let me in! Thy lov - er is so shy of
colla voce

animato *f*
 thee, He sends the song, the kiss, by me,
a tempo

rall. * *Led.* * *rall.* *mf* *rall.*

Slum - ber sweet dar - ling dear, slum - ber
a tempo

pp *rall.* *Led.* *

Dost

won-der in thy dream-ing Why shines the light so clear? Then

Ld. Ld.

will the moon bright beam - ing bright beam - ing, say: I, _____ yes,

*

I _____ would en-ter here! I came from one who watch doth

mf f p colla voce

*

Ld.

*

keep And pray for thee — while thou'rt a-sleep Slum - ber sweet,

mf a tempo

dar - ling dear, slum - ber

pp

f

p

If thro' thy dreams are

mf

ring - ing Sweet ech - oes from the vale To thee a bird is

mf

p

sing - ing, sing - ing, 'tis I, _____ 'tis I, _____ the night-in-
 * * *

b p pp mf f

gale! Of love and long-ing will I sing Till dawn to
 f a tempo p colla voce p

thee good mor - row bring, Slum - ber sweet, dar - ling dear,

f mf p

rall.

slum - ber!

rall. pp a tempo pp

LOOK NOT UPON ME WITH THINE EYES

(Original Key, A)

W. J. HENDERSON

HOMER N. BARTLETT
Op. 208, No. 1

Andante

VOICE

PIANO

not up - on me with thine eyes;— Lest sleep de - sert — me.

Breathe not up - on me with thy sighs;— Lest love per - vert

slower

me,
lest love per-vert me.
Lay

dolce p
deliberately

slower

con espress.

p più animato

f

poco marc.

p lento

not - up - on my lip thy hand,— For tho' I trem -
ble, In si - lence shalt thou un - der-stand, in - si - lence shalt thou un - der-stand How I dis - sem - ble, how I dis - sem -

ble.

più animato

marcato il basso

If still I say no sin-gle word My thought shall reach

misterioso

p *mf* *rall.* *p a tempo* *sffz* *sffz*

thee, The wish that burns, but is not heard

armonioso

f *p*

ped. * *ped.* *

marc. *rit.* *rall.*

Mine eyes shall teach thee, Mine eyes shall teach thee

poco rit. *mf* *pp* *rall.* *colla voce*

dolce

So breathe up - on me with thy sighs, — For sleep hath left

v.
con espress. *dolce* *cresc.* *sfz* *rall.*

me. Of all the night ex - cept thine eyes, — of

marc. *legato*

all the night ex - cept thine eyes — Love hath be -

Led. *(deliberately)*

più lento *p* *dim.*

reft - me, Love hath be - reft — me.

più lento *sostenuto* *rall.*

M.I.-704-4

TRISTRAM AND ISEULT

(Original Key, C)

Selected from "Tristram and Iseult"
MATTHEW ARNOLD (1822-1888)

ADOLPH M. FOERSTER
Op. 60

PIANO

p tranquillo

senza Pedale

p dolce

p calmato, espress.

Ah, sweet an-gels, let him dream! Keep his eye-lids; let him seem

p calmato, espress.

Not this fe-ver wast-ed wight Thinned and paled be-fore his time,

p

But the brilliant youth - ful knight — In the glo - ry

p

of his prime, Sit - ting in the gild - ed barge, At thy side, thou

mf

cresc.

love - ly charge, — Bend - ing gay - ly

cresc.

f energico

O'er thy hand, I - seult of Ire - land!

rall.

a tempo

f energico

rall.

p dolce

senza Ped.

And that gold-en cup her moth - er Gave her, that her fu - ture
p legato

lord, _____ Gave her, that King Marc and she _____ Might drink it on their

ML - 705 - 8

tenerezza *rall.*

mar - riage-day, And for ev - er love each oth - er.

p a tempo

mf

Let her

un poco animato

espress.

mf

as she sits on board, Ah! sweet

f

decresc.

saints, un - wit - ting-ly! See it shine and take it

larg.

decresc.

larg.

up And to Tris-tram laugh-ing say,

a tempo

mf *basso marc.* *con Ped.*

p dolce

"Sir Tris-tram of thy

cour-te-sy, Pledge— me in my gold-en cup!"

senza Ped.

poco agitato

Let them drink it; let their

poco agitato

Ld.

appassionato

hands Trem - ble, and their cheeks be flame, As they

cresc.

ff pesante

feel the fa - tal bands Of a love they dare not name,

rall.

ff pesante

rall.

dim.

p a tempo

With a wild de - li - cious pain, — Twine a - bout their

cresc.

p a tempo

cresc.

hearts a - gain! — *poco animato* "Tris - tram! —

mf

molto cresc.

f

quasi parlando

nay, nay, thou must not take my hand! Tris - tram! sweet_

ten.

ten.

ten.

cresc.

love! we are be - trayed, out-planned. Fly, save thy-self,

ten.

cresc.

f

decresc.

quasi parlando

save_ me! I dare not stay."

decresc.

mf agitato

poco a poco accel.

f animato

One last kiss first! "Tis

f

La. * *La.* * *La.* *

La. * *La.* *

vain _____ to horse a - way!

cresc.

mf * *Lia* * *Lia* * *Lia* *

ff con fuoco *con Pedale*

ff Fly, Fly a - way!"

fff vivace

trem.

KISS ME, SWEETHEART

(Original Key)

JOHN PAYNE

WILSON G. SMITH

Moderato con espressione

PIANO

pp

rall.

con express.

Kiss me, sweet-heart, the spring is here, And love is

p

colla voce

Lord of you — and me,

The blue-bells beck each pass-ing

bee,

The wild-wood laughs to the flow - ered year. —

There is no bird in brake or brere, — But to his lit - tle mate sings

cresc. *con espress.*

he. — Kiss me, sweet-heart; the spring is here, —

f e pesante

And love is lord, is lord of you and me.

ff

Kiss me, sweet-heart; the spring is here, Kiss me, sweet-heart, kiss me, — sweet-

fz

heart.

pp *rall.*

p

con espress.

The blue sky laughs out sweet and clear, The mis-sel bird up - on — the

colla voce

tree. Pipes for sheer glad-ness loud and free, Pipes for sheer

glad - ness loud — and free. — And I go sing-ing to my

cresc.

dear. ————— Kiss me, sweet-heart; the spring is here,

con passione

Kiss me, sweet-heart; the spring is here. ————— And love is lord, is lord of

fe pesante

you and me. Kiss me, sweet-heart; the spring is here. Kiss me, sweet-

heart; kiss me, sweet-heart.

pp *rit.* *pp*

APRIL WEATHER

(Original Key, A \flat)

EDNAH PROCTOR CLARKE

JAMES H. ROGERS

Molto animato ($\text{♩} = 120$)

VOICE

con anima mf

Be - lov-ed, it was Ap-ril weather,— When Love went

down the wild - ing way . . . The

lit - tle birds on bloom - y spray Were

poco a poco cresc.

cock - ing head and preen - ing feath-er. Be -

cresc.

molto cresc. *poco allargando f*

lov - ed, it was A - pril weath - - - er, When

molto cresc.

a tempo

Love went down the wild - ing way.

L.H.

Animato

un poco meno mosso

The glad brook

colla voce

ma sempre con anima

slipped the grim frost's teth - er, — The red bud flushed with thoughts of

p subito a tempo animato

May, — Be - lov-ed, it was A-pril weath-er, — When
Tempo I

poco rit.

Love went down the wild - - ing way.

*molto lento ed espressivo
mezza voce*

a tempo, ma molto più tranquillo

And thou and I,

we knew not wheth-er,—

To

L.H.

laugh or weep, be sad or

sempre pp

animando, e cresc.
gay, When Love went down the wild - ing way, with

animando, e cresc.

rit. tears and joy so close to - geth - er — Be -

molto rit.

a tempo molto animato

lov-ed, it was A-pril weath-er,— When love went

down — the wild - ing way, Be

cresc. sempre un poco allargando

lov-ed, it was A-pril weather,—

Love went down the wild - ing way.

A NORTHERN ROMANCE

ANDREW LANG (1844-)
German translation by PAUL TOREK

(Original Key)

HENRY B. PASMORE

Moderato

PIANO

The musical score consists of six staves of music. The top staff is for the piano, marked 'Moderato'. The vocal parts are in G minor, 6/8 time. The lyrics are in both English and German, appearing below the corresponding musical phrases. The piano part includes dynamic markings like 'p' and 'mp', and performance instructions like 'rit.' and 'a tempo'.

(Original Key)

My love dwelt in a
Mein lieb - ster wohnt' in

rit.
mp a tempo

north - ern land, A tow - er dim in a for - est green Was
fer - nem Land, ein Schloss, von griu - nem Wald be - grenzt, war

his, sein, and far a - way the
und weit der Dü - nen

sand, And gray wash of the waves was seen The wo - ven
 sand und wei - sser Wel - len - schaum er - glänzt' durch

for est boughs, the boughs be -
 dicht ver web tes Wald ge -

tween.
 zweig.

And thro' the north - ern sum - mer_ night, The
 Und in des Nord - lands Däm - mer - schein die

sun - set slow - ly died a - way, And
 Son - ne lang - sam starb da - hin und

herds of strange deer, sil - ver white, Came
 selt - ne Hir - sche sil - ber - reins er -

gleam - ing thro' the for - est gray, And fled, like
 glänz - ten durch den Wald so grün und flohn wie

ghosts, be - fore the day.
 Gei - ster vor dem Tag.

mf

I know not if the for - est green Still
Ich weiss nicht, ob des Wal - des - grün noch

f

gir dles round that cas tle gray, I
jetzt das grau - e Schloss um - ragt, nicht,

know not if, the boughs be - tween, The
ob die wei - ssen Hir sche flieh'n durch

rit.

white deer van - ish ere the day.
das Ge - zwei - ge eh' es tagt;

rit.

mf *molto rit.*

p

Lento

The grass a - bove my love is green,
denn Gras wächst ü - ber'm Lieb - sten mir,

fp

pp

mf *p*

His heart is
sein Herz ist

cresc.

dim.

pp

portamente

cold er than the clay.
käl ter noch als Stein.

Lento

Più lento e dim.

IF LOVE WERE NOT

(Original Key, D \flat)

FLORENCE EARLE COATES

CLAYTON JOHNS

Lento

VOICE rit.

PIANO *mf* rit.

a tempo

love-were not, the wild-ing rose Would in its leaf - y heart en-close No

a tempo

chal-ice of per-fume; By moss - y bank, in glen or grot, No



bird would build, if love were not, No flow'r com-pla-cent bloom. The



sun-set clouds would lose _____ their dyes, _____ The



light would fade from beau - ty's eyes, _____ The

stars ————— their fires con - sume. ————— And

poco rit.

some-thing miss'd from hall and cot Would leave the world, if love were not, A

a tempo

f. rit.

wil - der - ness of gloom. —————

f. rit.

dim.

rit.

THE RIDE

(Original Key)

ANNA ALICE CHAPIN

HARRY ROWE SHELLEY

Allegro

PIANO

f con brio

Gal - lop, and gal - lop, and

gal - lop a - way! — The strong sun streams on the road to-day, The

wind is fresh and the air has a thrill,
and we gal -

- lop a-way to the crest of the hill, — And plunge in the

cresc.

mf

f

p

val - ley that's dap - pled in gray, — And gal - lop, — and

gal - lop, — and gal - lop — a - way! — We catch but a

glimpse, then are past, are — past,
 The riv - er

gleams — blue as we fol-low it fast,

The scent of the pines to the wind — gives zest,

As it roars — in our face on the cold hill's crest; — The

dwel - lings of men in the hol - lows massed, — We

see — them like dreams, and are past, and are past. —

colla voce

Gal - lop and

cresc.

gal - lop and gal - lop a - way! — The wind grows wild, — the

wind grows wild and—the weath-er is gray;— The clouds are

f

low all o - ver the sky,— And the plains re -

f

sound — to the wild bird's cry, — And fierce strange-

f

voic - es all join — to say — Ho! gal -

lop, and gal - lop, and gal - lop,

rit. - - - *a tempo*

gal - lop - a - way.

colla voce

a tempo

f

Come,

down in your sad - dle and sit to the leap! The

rug - ged moors like an o - cean sweep, The hed-ges and rocks rise high before,
 And a - far — roams the sea on its lone - ly shore.
 And a - round us the pale mist i - ci - ly creep, — Quick!
 down in your sad - dle, and up to the leap! — Now

The musical score consists of four staves of music. The top staff is for the voice (soprano) in treble clef, B-flat major, and common time. The second staff is for the piano in treble clef, B-flat major, and common time, with dynamics like 'mf' and 'dim.'. The third staff is for the piano in bass clef, B-flat major, and common time. The bottom staff is for the piano in bass clef, B-flat major, and common time, with dynamics like 'p' and 'f'. The lyrics are integrated into the vocal line, with some words underlined or repeated for emphasis.

gal - lop,- and gal - lop and gal - lop a - way!

p

To think — or con-sid - er we may not stay,

p

The jumps are hard and the way — is rough,

But the joy — of the race (and is that not e - nough?) Is

rit.

on — us, is on us, is on us to - day, — Look!

see, — through the trees, the sea far a - way

a tempo

cresc.

Gal - lop a - way to the

f

yearn - ing sea! — O - ho! how it laughs, o - ho, how it laughs

p

in its hun - gry glee Oh! the won - der-ful,

cresc.

dim.

des - o - late, skel - e - ton shore! So sit to each

jump — that looms be - fore, — For the gray-waves are

cresc.

Come gal

hun - gry for you —

and me —

lop a - way — to the wait - ing

allarg.

sea — a — *allarg.*
marcato

way, a - way, to the wait - - - - - ing

Vivace

sea —

Vivace

dim. rall. *p con tenerezza*

Thine, dear, thine; — Sleep, love, sleep, —

p

Slum - ber deep; — Sleep, sleep, sleep, So sleep. —

pp sostenuto *colla voce*

mf placido

Birds are sleep - ing

a tempo

in the nest On the sway - ing bough; —

Thus, a - gainst the moth - er's breast, So sleep

p

thou; So sleep thou;

pp

Sleep, So sleep;

molto p e sostenuto

sleep sleep, sleep, So sleep.

portando

rall. e dim. molto

ppp

WHEN THE BIRDS GO NORTH AGAIN

(Original Key)

ELLA HIGGINSON

RICHARD HENRY WARREN

Andantino

VOICE

PIANO

Oh, ev - 'ry year hath its

rall. a tempo

win - ter, And ev - 'ry year hath its rain.

rall. a tempo

But a day is al - ways com - ing When the birds go

A little faster

north a - gain. Tempo I

Tempo I

tenderly

Oh, ev - 'ry heart hath its sor - row,
rall.

mf

a tempo

And ev - 'ry heart hath its pain, — But a day is al-ways

a tempo

A little faster

com - ing When the birds go north a - gain.

A little faster

morendo

To Miss Jeanne Faure
DREAMING

(Original Key, D \flat)

GERRIT SMITH

GERRIT SMITH

Slowly

VOICE

The day when first I

PIANO

met thee 'Twas in some Spir - it - land, My

soul will ne'er for - get thee, Though fate with - hold thine

p *slower*

hand. I wan - der thro' life dream - ing, My

slower *p*

broad, yet with passion *rit.* *slower*

soul goes out to thee As wert thou here in

f *rit.* *slower*

broad, yet with passion

rit. molto *p calando*

seem - ing, Ah! love, that may not, may not

rit. molto *calando*

be!

WHEN ALLAH SPOKE

(Original Key, B)

ARLO BATES (1852 -)

WILLIAM ARMS FISHER
Op. 14, N^o1In moderate time without dragging ($\text{♩} = \text{about } 63$)

VOICE

Was I not thine when Al-lah spoke the

con pedale

word Which formed from smoke the sky? Were not our

twin hearts one when heav-en heard the stars, the

f deciso

first faint stars re - ply?

Were not our twin hearts one,

Were not our twin hearts one when heav - en heard the stars, the

first faint stars re - ply, when heav - en heard the first faint

stars re - ply?

With breadth (♩: about 84)

Canst thou then doubt that while ____ the a - ges roll
Our be-ing one shall be?
As flame and light are one, so is my soul
One, O my love with thee, As flame and light are

one ————— so is my soul with thee,

allargando

One with thee, One with thee.

Tempo I

The ebb - ing

con pedale.

star floods of the Judg - ment day shall leave my

heart still thine And Par - a - dise it - self shall

f

fade a-way Ere I thy love re - sign Ere

dim.

I thy love re - sign. Par - a - dise shall fade a -

deciso

f > non arp'o

way Ere I thy love re - sign.

p
 Par - a - dise shall fade a - way Ere I thy love re -
cresc.

p
cresc.

sign, And Par - a - dise shall fade a - way —
cresc.

f
cresc.
 Ere I thy love ere I thy love re -
ff
allargando
ff

Ld.
Ld.
sign.

Ld.
Ld.

MY WORLD

(Original Key)

KATRINA TRASK

HENRY HOLDEN HUSS

Allegro moderato

VOICE.

PIANO

dolce

p

una corda

p

Lo! in the depths of the sky

poco rit.

p

tre corde

pp

Glim-mers a trem - u - lous Star, I watch it from a -

pp

far And find where it gleams on high, A

pp subito

*) *mf*

world, a world!

p *mf* *pp* *pp* *una corda*

p Lo! in the depths of thine eyes, Glis - tens a neb - u - lous light, I

tre corde

mf *cresc.* *f* fol - low it day and night, And find, to my soul's sur prise, My

mf *cresc.* *f*

ff *sotto voce* world! My world!

ff *molto rit.* *fz* *p* *pp* *una corda* *pp*

*) Be exact in the duration of this tone, no ritardando

A BED-TIME SONG

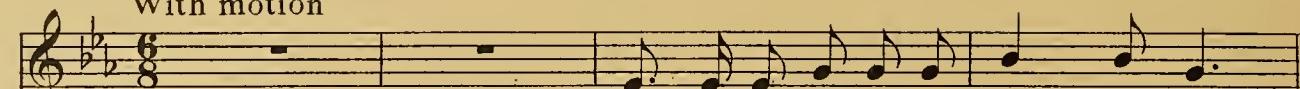
(Original Key, F)

LILLIAN DYNEVOR RICE

ETHELBERT NEVIN

With motion

VOICE



Sway to and fro in the twi-light gray,

PIANO



This is the fer-ry for Shad-ow-town; It al-ways sails at the end of day



Just as the darkness is clos-ing down. Rest, lit-tle head, on my shoul-der, so. A



sleep - y kiss is the on - ly fare, Drift-ing a way from the world we go,

Ba-by and I in the rock-ing chair. See where the fire - logs glow and spark

Glit - ter the lights of the shad-ow-land; The win - ter rain in the win - dow, hark! Are

p

rip - ples lapping up - on its strand. There! where the mir-ror is glan-cing dim, A

p

mezza voce

ben legato

ral - - - len - -

Quite slow

Those o - ver there on the win - dow sill, Rock slow, more slow in the dusk - y light,

Si - lent-ly low-er the an - chor down! Dear lit-tle pas-sen-ger, say "Good-night"

we've reach'd the har-bor of Shad - ow - town.

L.H.

BEAM FROM YONDER STAR
(A SERENADE)

(Original Key, G)

WILLIAM PRESCOTT FOSTER

FREDERIC FIELD BULLARD

Poco Larghetto

VOICE

PIANO

pp poco arpegg.

sempre con due Pedale

mp

Beam from yon-der

star, — Through the si-lent spa - ces Fall - ing from a -

cresc. e poco rall.

mf a tempo

far, — Touch - ing earth's pale fa - ces, Wrap with sil-ver

cresc. e poco rall.

mf a tempo

The musical score consists of three staves. The top staff is for the Voice, starting with a rest followed by a melodic line. The middle staff is for the Piano, featuring a harmonic base with arpeggiated chords. The bottom staff is also for the Piano, providing harmonic support with sustained notes. The vocal line begins with 'Beam from yon-der' and continues with lyrics like 'star, — Through the si-lent spa - ces Fall - ing from a -' and 'far, — Touch - ing earth's pale fa - ces, Wrap with sil-ver'. The piano parts include dynamic markings such as *pp*, *poco arpegg.*, *sempre con due Pedale*, *mp*, *cresc. e poco rall.*, and *mf a tempo*.

cresc. molto

light — Her, who soft - ly sleep - ing lies be - neath thy

sight, be-neath thy sight, — I her vig - il — keep -

Tempo I
ing. . . Gen - tly, gen - tly

rest — on her eye-lids ten - der. Touch her brow and

cresc. *e* *poco* *rall.*

mf a tempo

Bliss - ful, fa -- vor'd beam, Round her sweet lips

mf a tempo

cresc. molto *f con passione* *poco accel.*

ho-ver On-ly bid them dream, ah, bid them dream

cresc. molto

f

Lento *dim. molto* *pp dolce*

— of her ab - sent lov - er.

THOU ART MINE

(Original Key, E)

EDMUND CLARENCE STEDMAN (1833 -)

W.J. BALTZELL

Allegro con passione

VOICE PIANO

mine, _____ thou art mine. _____ Thou art

colla voce rit. f a tempo

mine, thou art mine, thou hast giv - en thy word; Close, close in my

Words used by permission of the author

cresc.

arms thou art cling - ing; For my— ear a - lone — thou — art sing - ing A

cresc.

song,— a song,— a song — which no stran-ger hath

f

piano

heard.— But a - far from me yet, like a bird, — Thy

sempr. stacc.

soul in some re - gions un - stirr'd — On its mys - tic-al cir - circuit is

wing - ing, On its mys - ti-cal cir - cuit is wing - ing, Thou art

f.

mine, _____ thou art mine, _____ thou art mine. _____

col canto

Thou art mine, thou art mine, I have made thee mine own;

a tempo

mf

Hence-forth we are min - gled to - geth - er. But in

meno mosso

meno mosso

vain, all in vain I _____ en-deav - or, Tho'

molto agitato

round thee my gar - - lands are thrown, — And thou yield - est, thou

cresc.

yield - - - - est thy lips and thy

f marcato

meno mosso piangendo

zone. But in vain, all in vain, I en -

col canto

cresc.

deav - or To mas - ter the spell,— which a - lone _____ Thy

più mosso

cresc.

f

hold — on my be - ing can sev - er. Thou art

a tempo

mf

> >

mine, thou art mine, thou hast come — un-to me! But thy soul, thy soul, when I

strive to be near it The in - ner-most fold _____ of thy

cresc.
 spir - it Is as far from my grasp, is as free,
f

legato e cantabile
 As the stars from the moun - tain tops
legato
 be, As the pearl in the depths of the
Led. *Led.*

sea From the por - tion-less king that would wear it. Thou art
Led. *Led.* *

cresc. poco a poco

mine, — thou art mine, — thou art

cresc.

mine, — thou art mine, — thou art

f

ad lib. rall.

col canto

Pd.

mine, — thou art mine, — thou art

(thou art)

mine.

IN THE FOGGY DEW

(Original Key, C)

HARVEY WORTHINGTON LOOMIS

VOICE Andante poco con moto e rubato *rit.* *a tempo*

PIANO *mp* *rit.* *a tempo* *poco marcato ma legato* *p*

A splen-did place is Lon-don, with its

gold-en store, For them that have the heart and hope and youth ga-lore; But

semprē legato

mourn-ful are its streets to me, I tell you true, For I'm

mf rall. *a tempo*

long-ing sore for Ire-land in the fog-gy dew.

f rall. *a tempo*

The sun he shines all day here, so fierce and fine, With

ben cantando

ne'er a wisp of mist at all, to dim his shine; The
ten.

espress.

sun, he shines all day here from skies of blue, But he

rall.

, *a tempo*

hides his face in Ire - land in the fog - gy dew.

f *a tempo* *poco sffz*

The

maids go out to milk - ing in the pas - tures gray;

pp *delicato*

sky is green and gold-en at the dawn of day, *And ten.*

(on the long low)

in the deep-drenched mead - ows the hay lies new, And the
8 (3)
espress.

Ld * *Ld* *

corn is turn - ing yel - low in the fog - gy dew.

8 (3)

Ma -

molto espress. e più lento

vrong! if I might feel now the dew up - on my face, And the

mf *legato*

wind from the moun - tains in that re - mem - bered place, I'd *ten.*

affret — *rall.*

give the wealth of Lon - don, if mine it were to do, And I'd

colla voce *rall.*

f *p* *a tempo*

trav - el home to Ire - land and the fog - gy dew.

f *p* *a tempo*

Ah!

colla voce *sfz* *mp rit.*

Ld. ** 3d Ped.* *pp*

To my wife

THE SPRING OF LOVE

(Original Key, D)

STOPFORD A. BROOKE (1832-)

NATHANIEL IRVING HYATT

Allegro moderato

VOICE PIANO

A lit - tle sun, — a lit - tle rain, — A

soft wind blow-ing from the west, — And woods — and fields are

sweet a-gain, And warmth — with-in the moun-tain's breast And

warmth — . with - in the moun-tain's

breast.

p

A little love, — A little

trust, — A soft im - pulse — A sud - den

dream, — And life, — as dry as

des - er - t dust Is fresh - - - er than a

Più animato

moun - tain stream, Is fresh-er than a moun - tain

Più animato

rit.

p *cresc.*

stream, Is fresh-er than a moun - - - tain

stream, a moun - - - tain,

f

f

moun - - - tain stream. —

f

ffz

To Mr. George Dwight

D E A R I E

(Original Key, E \flat)

HERBERT RANDALL

HOMER A. NORRIS

Andantino

VOICE

The sands o' life sae

PIANO {

swift - ly ran, When saft - ly beamed your e'e, But, lassie, syne you're

ad lib.

gaen a - wa; They run sae slaw in me.— The sum - mers were sae

cantabile

colla voce

ros - y dear, The heath-er a' sae sweet,— The but - ter-flies sae

yel - low then, When you played at my feet. But

noo the days are a' sae dark! Syne ye hae gaen sae far, Ah!

ad lib.
espress. *ten.*

well! my dear - ie, life's too lang, Syne ye hae gaen a -

ten.

cantabile

wa,' — I luve the rain and snaw nae mair, My—

heart is na the same, — The kirk - yard winds noo

sweet - est blaw — Syne ye — din - na cam

hame.

p *molto rit.*

pp

espress.

pp

Led.

Led.

THE REGRETS OF BÖKHÄRA

"It is related of Roduki, that the prince under whom he lived, having removed his court from Bökhära to Herât, became so attached to the latter city that he delayed his return, much to the regret of his courtiers, who employed the powers of the poet to induce the monarch to give up his new passion and restore them to their homes and friends. Roduki fully entered into their views, and the following verses, sung with great feeling to the *barbut* or viol, on which instrument he was a skillful performer, accomplished the end desired, and the prince, Umir Nussar, again took route to Bökhära."

From the Persian
of RODUKI

(Original Key)

N.CLIFFORD PAGE

With yearning

VOICE

The gale whose breath such joy im - parts—

PIANO

Moderato con moto

Comes from that gen-tle stream Where they re - side, _____ to

3

whom our hearts — Re - turn in — mem -'ry's dream: The

dim.

cresc.

pre - cious o - dor that its wings con - vey — Is

mf

rit.

their re - gret for us — so — far — a — way! —

collavoce

a tempo

with pathos

The sands are rough a -

sf

mf

p delicately

animato

long that shore Where glides our na - tive A - mû's stream; But

a tempo

when we tread its banks once more, — Like velvet those rude

Appealingly

sands will seem. Oh, pit - y - ing Ox - us! let thy

poco rit.

waves di - vide, — And yield us pas - sage down thy o - - - p'ning

tide! AII
mf *a tempo* *poco animato e cresc.* *f*
ff *Buoyantly:- with increasing animation*
 hail! Bök - hä - ra, land of flow - ers!
ff *mf*
 Our prince moves proud - ly on; — He goes to glad thy
cresc. *f* *dim.*
 sun - ny bowers, — He asks — thy — smile a - lone. — The
p. *p* *poco. animato*

with exhilaration

wav - ing cy - press seeks his na - tive groves,— The

with fervor

ris - ing moon— the fir - ma - ment it loves.— Ah!

colla voce

Contentedly

p

8.

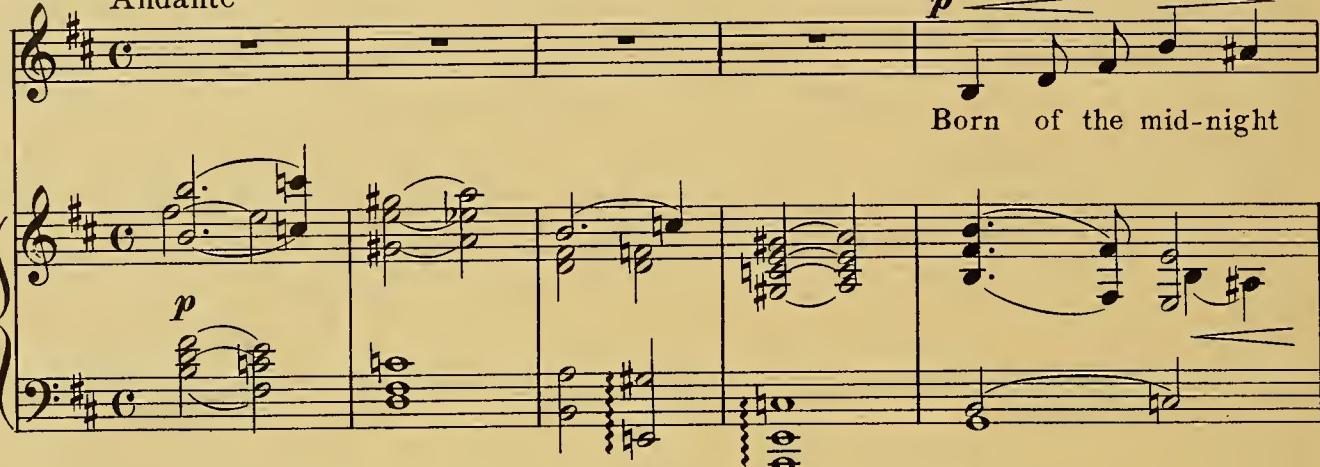
CROON OF THE DEW

(Original Key, D minor)

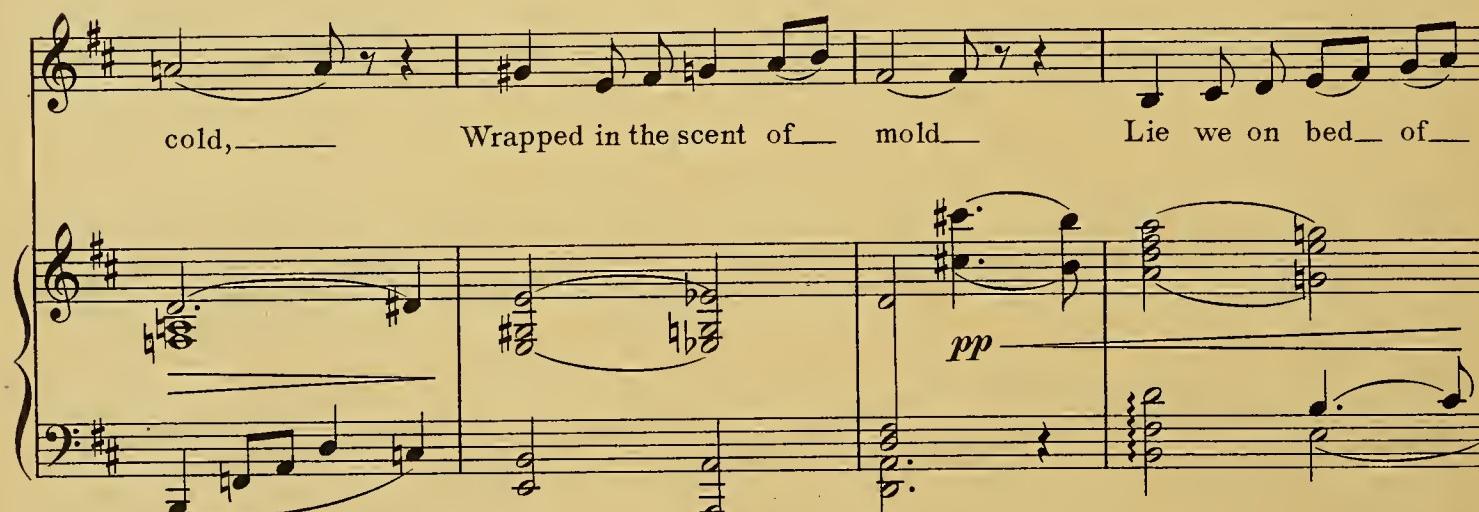
GEORGE TURNER PHELPS

HENRY F. GILBERT

Andante

VOICE 

Born of the mid-night



cold, Wrapped in the scent of mold Lie we on bed of



moss Moon-light faint-ly a - cross.



cross.

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ML-722-5

mf

Day-dawn bring-eth un - rest,

cresc.

ac cel er an do

Twit-ter of bird in____ nest, Ju - bi - lant warmth in the

ac cel er an do

air A1 lures by a gold en

p rit.

p rit.

p

** *) a little more animated, with frequent rubato*

stair.

p

mistily pp

*Lia **

*There should be no interruption in the flow of the music from x to x

ML-722- 5

pp

Up through the fra - grance of pine _____

mf

mf cresc.

Daz - zles the blue like wine, *rit.* *a tempo*

f *dim.* *mf* *accel.*

pp poco rit. -

Daz - zles the blue _____ like _____

a tempo *f* *poco rit.*

wine, *mf a tempo* Earth - moth - er's weav - ings be -

p *a tempo* *mf* *cresc.*

dim. e rit.

gun, — A film for the noon - day

dim. e rit.

a tempo

sun. —

a tempo *rit.*

a tempo

x *Tempo I* Earth-mother's tis-sue-y veil,

Tempo I

ad lib. *mf*

ad lib. *mf*

Sport of the rollick-ing gale, — Ra - vels all in to the

dim.

sky, ————— Melts beyond reach of eye, —————

p dim. to end

Cool - eth the af - ter - noon To em - er-ald eve-ning swoon.

pp *dim.* *dim. e rit.*

Soft is the bed of moss, ————— Moon - light faint - ly à - cross.

dim. e rit. *La* *

mf *p* *rit.* *pp*

La *

ML-722-5

To G. C., in affection

THE HILLS O' SKYE

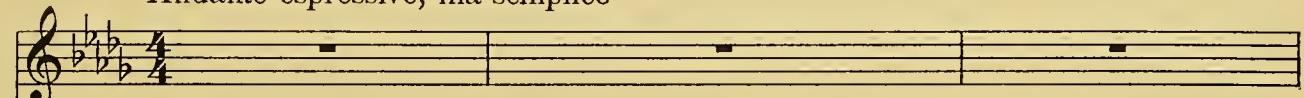
(Original Key, F)

WILLIAM MC LENNAN

VICTOR HARRIS
Op. 23, No. 1

Andante espressivo, ma semplice

VOICE



PIANO



There's a ship lies off Dun -

D.C.

ve - gan, — An' she longs to spread her wings, An' through

cresc.

a' the day she beck - ons, — An' thro' a' the nicht she

cresc.

sings! "Come a - wa', a - wa', my dar - lin', Come a -

cresc. ed accel.

wa', a - wa' wi' me, and fly To a land that is

cresc. ed accel.

fair - er, — kind - er, Than the moors and the hills o' Skye.

f molto rall.

f molto rall.

Più lento

Oh, my heart! My wear - y, wear - y heart! There's

ne'er a day goes by But it turns hame to Dun-

ve - gan, By the storm - beat hills o' Skye.

Oh, my heart! My wear - y, wear - y heart! By the

pp molto lento

storm-beat hills o' Skye. *p* Ah!

rall.

mf a tempo

I hae wan-der'd miles fu'

rall.

a tempo

I hae mark'd fu' man-y a change, I hae

cresc.

pp

won me gear in plen - ty, In this land sae fair, but

cresc.

strange. Yet at times a spell is on me, I'm a

mf

child, a child once a - gain to rin On the hills a -

cresc. ed accel.

boon Dun - ve-gan, An' the kind sea shut me in.

f molto rall.

Più lento

Oh, my heart! My wear-y, wear-y heart! There's ne'er a day goes

p

by _____ But it turns hame to Dun - ve - - gan, By the

storm - beat hills o' Skye. Oh, my heart My

wear-y, wear-y heart! By the storm-beat hills o' Skye. Ah!

p

pp

rall.

pp

HOW DO I LOVE THEE?

(SONNET FROM THE PORTUGUESE, N^o XLIII)

ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING (1806-1861)

(Original Key, B^b)HENRY K. HADLEY
Op. 20, N^o 3

Allegro appassionato

PIANO

How _____ do I love thee? Let me count the

ways. I love thee to the depth and breadth and

height My soul can reach, when

feel - ing out of sight For the ends of

Being and i - de - al Grace

I love thee to the

lev - el of ev - 'ry day's Most qui - et .

This musical score is for voice and piano. It features four systems of music. The first system has two staves: treble and bass. The second system also has two staves. The third system only has a treble staff, with the dynamic marking 'p' above it. The fourth system has two staves. The vocal parts include lyrics such as 'feel - ing out of sight For the ends of', 'Being and i - de - al Grace', 'I love thee to the', and 'lev - el of ev - 'ry day's Most qui - et .'. The piano parts provide harmonic support with various patterns of eighth and sixteenth notes.

need, by sun and—

can - dle - light. I

love thee - free - ly as men strive for

Right; I love thee - pure - ly as

men turn from Praise. I love thee—

cresc.

f

with the pas-sion put to use In my old

dim.

griefs, and with my child-hood's faith I

love thee with a love I

dim.

seemed to lose with my lost saints _____

I love thee with the breath,

Smiles, tears of all my life!

and if God choose, I shall but

Musical score for piano and voice, page 10, measures 11-15. The score consists of five systems of music. The top system shows piano parts with dynamics *mf*, *cresc.*, and *ff*. The vocal part includes lyrics: "love thee, love thee bet - ter af - ter death, love thee bet -". The second system continues with piano dynamics *mf*, *cresc.*, and *ff*, and lyrics: "death, love thee bet -". The third system shows piano dynamics *ff* and *rit.*, and lyrics: "ter af - ter death.". The fourth system shows piano dynamics *ff a tempo*, and the fifth system concludes the page with piano dynamics *ff*.

ORPHEUS WITH HIS LUTE

III

SONG from "HENRY THE EIGHTH"

(Original Key, D \sharp)

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE (1564-1616)

CHARLES FONTEYN MANNEY, Op. 3, No. 5

Andante semplice

p

VOICE PIANO

Orpheus with his lute

PIANO

made trees And the moun-tain-tops that freeze Bow themselves when he did

sing,— Bow themselves when he did sing: To his mu-sic plants and

flow - ers Ev - er sprung; as sun and show - ers

f broadly

rit. e dim.

There had made a last - ing spring,

There had made a last - ing

f broadly

rit. e dim.

p

spring. *dolce*

pp a tempo

rit.

p a tempo

Ev -'ry thing - that heard him play, E'en the bil - lows

p a tempo

of the sea, Hung their heads and then lay by,

Hung their heads and then lay by. In sweet mu - sic is such

art, — Kill - ing care and grief of heart —

f broadly rit. e dim. Fall a-sleep, or hear-ing, die, Fall a-sleep, or hear-ing, die. *dolce*

f broadly rit. e dim. *pp a tempo*

rit. morendo *ppp*

M E E T I N G
(DRÜCKE MICH AN DEINE BRUST)

(Original Key, C)

JOHANNA AMBROSIUS
Translated by A.F.

ARTHUR FARWELL

Appassionato

VOICE

PIANO

Clasp me close up - on thy breast, Heart on heart fast
Driü - cke mich an dei - ne Brust Herz an Herz welch

p legato

beat - ing!
schla - gen

Soul to soul in ec - sta - sy
wie wenn En - gel vol - ler Lust

Thrill'd in joy - ous greet - ing:
Lie - bes - griü - sse tra - gen:

Ah, thy burn - ing
Kiis - se mei - nen

lips to mine
durst - gen Mund

Give, O give for - ev - er,
Lan - ge, ach, nur lan - ge!

*f**p**sostenuto*

Fear nor fate nor death shall hold
Nichts gleicht auf den Er - den - rund Pow'r that kiss to

Die sem heil - 'gen

*molto cresc.**pesante**allargando**ff marc.**subito mp dolce*

sev - er.
Klan - ge.

Deep with - in my thirst - ing soul
Sen - ke dei - nen Son - nen - blick

*rit.**p*

Let thy gaze, de - scand - ing,
Tief in mei - ne See - le.
Wake to throb - bing
Dass zu mei - nem

life at last,
Göt ter - glück,
Wake to trem - bling
Dass zu mei - nem
love at last
Göt ter - glück

Heav'n that knows no end - ing.
Nicht der Him - mel feh - le.

THE PASSIONATE SHEPHERD TO HIS LOVE

(Original Key, G)

CHRISTOPHER MARLOWE (1564-1593)

RUBIN GOLDMARK

Molto appassionato

PIANO

Musical score for "The Passionate Shepherd to His Love" by Rubin Goldmark. The score is for piano and voice. The piano part is in G major, 6/8 time, with dynamic markings *f con fuoco* and *sf*. The vocal part follows the piano's key signature changes. The lyrics are integrated into the vocal parts.

Come live with me and be my love,

And we will all the pleasures prove That hill and val-ley,

dale and field, And all the crag - gy moun - tains yield.

p

There we shall sit up - on the rocks, And watch the shep - herds

poco marcato

feed their flocks By shal - low riv - ers, to whose falls Me -

lo - dious birds sing mad - ri - gals.

mf

There will I make thee beds of roses,

p grazioso

And a thou - sand fra - grant posies, A

mf

cap of flow - ers and a kir - tle, Em - broi - dered all with

f

p

leaves of myr - tle, A gown made of the

dolce

fin - est wool Which from our pret - ty

poco marcato

lambs we pull, Fair lin - éd slip - pers

poco accel.

for the cold, And buck - les of the

pur - est gold, A bed of straw and

i - ivy buds, With cor - al clasps and

p cresc. sempre

am - ber studs And if these

p cresc. sempre

pleas - ures may thee

ff

move Come live with me, and be my love, Come

f

live with me and be my love, and

rit. *a tempo*

be my love, my love.

rit. *f a tempo*

Thy

dim.

mp

sil - ver dish - es for thy meat, As pre - cious as the

p grazioso

Gods do eat Shall on an i - vo - ry
 ta - ble be Pre - pared each day for thee and me.
 The shep - herd swains shall
 dance and sing, For

thy— de - light_ each, May morn - ing,

p

p cresc.

If these de - lights thy mind may move,

p cresc.

rit.

If these de - lights thy mind may

rit.

move, Then live with me and

a tempo ff

a tempo f

*fff**con somma passione*

be my love, Then live with me and be my love, Then

fff

rit. molto

live with me and be my love, and be my love, and

rit. molto

be my love, my love.

a tempo

ff

ML-727-9

I DRINK THE FRAGRANCE OF THE ROSE

(Original Key, A)

CHARLES HANSON TOWNE

H. CLOUGH-LEIGHTER
Op. 19, No 1

Allegretto grazioso

VOICE

Allegretto grazioso

mf

PIANO

drink the fra-grance of the rose,

And

mp

yet

she has more wealth to give,

The

tardamente

colla voce

a tempo

per - fume from her red heart

meno mosso *con semplicità* *tardo*

flows, And tells me it is sweet to live, and

meno mosso *p* *leggiero colla voce*

rall. *pp* *a tempo* *rall.*
tells me it is sweet to live, to live, to

rall. *pp* *pp* *a tempo* *mp* *rall.*

f
live.

trattenuto *mf* *pesante* *Lia* *

simile *Lia* *

largando

mf The rose is for - ev - er

mf a tempo *mp largando*

f *meno mosso*
giv - ing, Giv - ing, for - ev - er giv -

mf molto largamente *mf meno mosso*
pesante *la*

ing. *a tempo* *leggiero.* *mf poco rall.*

Tempo I *mf*

mf a tempo

drink the nec - tar of your love, I

mp a tempo

tardamente a tempo p a piacere

can - not drain your cha - lice heart, — Dear,

colla voce a tempo *colla voce*

poco più lento meno mosso

is it filled from heav'n a - bove? What

poco più lento *meno mosso*

a piacere rall.

is the se - cret, what the art? What is the se - cret, what the

colla voce *leggiero* *rall.* pp

a tempo *mf* *rall.* *p*

art? The art, the art?

pp *a tempo* *mf* *rall.* *p trattenuto*

Ld. *

mf

For

simile

mf a tempo

molto meno mosso *f pp* *f* *rall.*

you are for - ev - er lov - ing, Lov - ing, for - ev - er lov -

mp molto meno mosso *mf* *pp* *mf* *mp rall.*

Ld. p

a tempo

ing. *leggiero*

mp a tempo

mp poco rall.

pp

O MIGHTY ONE

(O MAÎTRE DE TOUT)

SONG from "IZEYL"

(Original Key, E \flat)ARMAND SILVESTRE (1839-1901)
Translated by Charles Fonteyn Manney

JOHN P. MARSHALL

Andante (*Quasi recitativo*)

VOICE

O Might - y One, Mas - ter of all,
O mai - tre, mai - tre de tout,

PIANO

ter - nal! By thy will the worlds were cre - at - ed,
né - ant! Toi de qui sont sor - tis les mon - des,

At thy voice in for - est prim - e - val Lies shat-ter'd the
Toi, par qui les fo - rêts pro - fon - des Voient bri - ser le

might - y ce - dar. *Toi,* who in wrath art armed with the
cê - dre gé - ant. *dont la fou - drest la com -*

thun - der, On me a - lone let ven - geance
pa - gne, *Tu peux sur moi ven - ger les*

fall. Strong is the ce - dar, strong am I,
Dieux. *Je suis le cé - dre,* *dé - ja vieux,*

Strike a - lone the tree on the moun - tain.
Frap - pe l'ar - bre sur la mon - ta - gne.

a tempo

But
Mais,
in
ne

p legato

mer - cy
va - pas

Bid
Sous thy dart
les jours

spare
clairs,

Where
Sous the night
les nuits

with
par her wings en - clos - es
les om - bres clo - ses

Fond - ly the spring - time, la the
Fau - cher la jeu - nes - se, la jeu -

cresc.

spring - time of ros - es, And where the
nnes - se des ro - ses, A - vec le

rit.

ff

sun - bright day is
tran - chant des é -

rit.

fair.
clair.

accel.

decresc.

La

ROSE SONG

(Original Key, D \flat)CHARLOTTE FISKE BATES
(Mme Adolphe Rogé)

DAVID STANLEY SMITH

Moderato

VOICE

PIANO

Rose that wast born with the

morn - ing And hast lived and died for me,

Here in the dusk of the

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ML-730-3

f

shed, I had caught in-to a ca-dence To

f *cresc.* *ff*

f *rit.* *a tempo* *pp*

live when I am dead, To

colla voce *pp a tempo*

dolciss., rit. *a tempo*

live when I am dead. _____

pp rit. *a tempo ppp*

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